

G. T. DUNN,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
New Hope, Missouri.

Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth
Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to col-
lecting.

DR. J. C. GOODRICH,
DENTIST,
Wetzelville, - - Missouri.

Will be in Troy from time to time, due notice
of which visits will be given in the local papers.
v7810

R. C. MAGRUDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Cap-au-Gris, - - Missouri.

Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth
Judicial District. v7813

W. C. McFARLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Troy, - - Missouri.

Will practice in the Courts of the Nineteenth
Judicial Circuit, and will give special attention
to collections. Office—Front room over J. R.
Knox's Bank. v7815

CHAS. MARTIN, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Troy, - - Missouri.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth
Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to
the collection of debts. v7819

A. V. MCKEE, E. N. BONFILS,
MCKEE & BONFILS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Troy, - - Missouri.

Will practice in the various Courts of this and
adjoining counties. Special attention given to
collections and matters relating to real estate.
Office, northeast corner Main and Cherry
streets, just below Laclede Hotel. v807

J. B. ALLEN, W. T. BAKER,
ALLEN & BAKER,
Attorneys-at-Law, Agents State and
Phoenix Insurance Companies,
and Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MISSOURI.

JOSEPH B. ALLEN, Notary Public.
apr25-72n17

B. W. WHEELER,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
TROY, MISSOURI.

Will attend to any professional business in the
Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and Montgomery
counties. sep7-71n36y1

WM. FRAZIER, G. W. COLBERT,
FRAZIER & COLBERT,
Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MISSOURI.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth
Judicial Circuit. Special attention given to col-
lections and to the sale and purchase and leasing of
real estate. Abstracts of titles, warranty
deeds, deeds of trust and mortgages made out
on short notice. Large number of valuable
farms for sale at low prices. Office on Main
street in Randall's building, up stairs. v7814

WALTON & CREECH,
Attorneys at Law & Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MO.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Nineteenth
Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of the
State. All business entrusted to their care will be
promptly attended to.
Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office
hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. v7812

THE ORIGINAL
LACLEDE STABLE,
TROY, MO.

BIRKHEAD & THORNHILL

Still have their Livery Stables on Cherry st.
the sign at the brick livery stable on Main street
to the contrary notwithstanding. The original
Laclede Stables, by the above proprietors, are,
as they have always been, a few doors east of
Withrow's saddle shop, where the proprietors
will always be pleased to see their friends.
Buggies, harness and wagons to hire. Horses
boarded by day or week. v823

J. F. NELSON,

NEW HOPE, MO.,

Sells Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

AS CHEAP

As they can be bought anywhere in

LINCOLN COUNTY.

His Stock is Fresh and he will

NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

HE WILL PAY THE BEST PRICES

FOR

Country Produce.

Co-Partnership Dissolution.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing be-
tween John F. Nelson and H. H. Frazier,
under the name and style of Nelson & Frazier,
has been dissolved by mutual consent. J. F.
Nelson having purchased the entire interest of
H. H. Frazier in the business. All persons in-
debted to said firm, either by note or account,
are earnestly requested to call and settle the
same with me. JOHN F. NELSON.

New Hope, Mo., April 22, 1873.

OUR NEW SCHOOL MA'AM.

"Tell you what it is, boys, we'll keep
pretty civil for a day or two, and see
what kind of stuff she is made of. She
is a woman you know, and we can't put
her out doors, as did old Thompson last
winter; nor can we give her such a
thrashing as we gave that Edwards who
came after Thompson; but as for being
ruled by a woman, we will just show
them trustees we won't do it." As it to
emphasize the words, handsome John
Howard gave the door a fierce blow with
the poker, and shook back the wavy
curls from his white forehead.

"That's so, John. The idea, any way,
of their sending a woman to keep school
for such great big boys as we are. I
don't care how big she may be, I don't
stand it!"

And Ed Conger looked as if he could
do all he said.

The other boys were about agreeing to
follow suit, when little Alice Bell, came
running in, saying that the new school
ma'am was coming with Mr. Braddon.

"Remember, boys, be civil a day or
two," continued John Howard, as a
crimson dress and white apron made
their appearance in the doorway.

Full forty pairs of eyes were bent on
the new teacher, as she walked leisurely
to the desk, took off her gloves, unwound
the Beech white cloud from around her
roxy face, hung her shawl on a nail, and
then came to the stove, saying to Mr.
Braddon, but looking at the group gathered
around the stove—

"And these are the scholars, are they?"

"Yes, Miss Tamer, and I hope" (with
great stress on the hope) that you will
find them good scholars.

"They look as though they might be,"
she said, with a smile at us all.

"Well, children, don't disappoint your
teacher this winter. She expects great
things of you," and wishing good morn-
ing to her, he bowed himself out.

Immediately she took the school bell,
and going to the door, rang it loudly,
calling the scholars in and school to order.

We had little time to say anything,
but there was much head shaking and
many contradictory looks, as we went to
our seats in a shuffling, disagreeable way,
wondering what next would be done.

We expected an introductory lecture,
such as our teachers had always opened
school with; but, without one word, she
went to her satchel, took out a small
pocket Bible (our school house did not
contain such a book as that), opened it,
and began to read, in a clear, sweet voice
about the infant Jesus.

It was an unheard of proceeding, and
it kept every one of us perfectly still till
the chapter was through, when, to aston-
ish us still more, she asked all of us who
were willing, to fold our hands, while
she asked God's blessing.

In spite of ourselves, every scholar,
from old to young, clasped their hands
together in an attitude of prayer, while
our teacher, with bowed head and low,
sweet voice, recited the Lord's prayer.

I am afraid we forgot the purport of the
words; we were all so intent in watching her;
but the example was the same. All day
long we watched her, and did as we were
bid, and when night came, the younger
scholars, boys and girls, went home
shouting and laughing, tossing up
their hats and baskets; for the school-
teacher had burned up all the sticks and
rods that day, and how could she whip
them hereafter?

"We will be careful and not need any
whipping," said little peace maker Allie.
But we older ones got together to com-
pare notes and resolve what should be the
order of to-morrow.

"But how is any one going to do any-
thing with such a morsel of humanity as
she is?" growled Charlie Simpkins, in
anything but good humor with himself.

"She is stouter, probably, for being
small," snapped Ed Conger.

"Well, Ed, there is one thing certain.
She is a lady, and a lady has got to be
respected." Honest Benny Warwick's
face glowed with admiration.

"You're a fool, and lose your heart for
every pretty face," returned Ed Conger,
crossly.

"Hush, boys, wait a day or two longer,"
urged John Howard; "we can't tell any-
thing about Miss Tamer yet."

And so, as John was the leader in all
this, everything went on quietly for a
week or two, when one day one of the
boys wanting some question answered,
stepped up to the teacher, when she was
near the stove, and calling her attention
to what he wanted, dropped a handful of
red pepper on the stove.

Some of the scholars knew what was
coming, and anxiously watched her. I
think she grew a shade paler for a mo-
ment, for she was well aware of the reputa-
tion of the school, then conquering her
fears, she said cheerfully—

"Edward, I think you must have in-
tentionally dropped this pepper on the
stove just now."

"No I didn't," he exclaimed, angrily.

"Pardon me, Edward," she answered.

"I ought to have known that you would
never have done such a thing." It was
said so kindly; and then she took the
broom and brushed it all away before any
of us began to sneeze. Shame was writ-
ten on many a countenance, and many a
scholar took up Miss Tamer's cause from
that day. Only two or three held back,
and they meant mischief; but she went
on quietly, patiently waiting for what
might happen next.

A week after this, there was a stormy
day. Only a few were at school, and all
day long, John Howard and Ed Conger
whispered when the teacher was not

looking, made noises with their feet, re-
cited poor lessons; and all this in such a
way that she could not reprove them
with seeming justice, had she any desire
to do so; but when she dismissed school
at night, she requested them to remain a
few minutes.

They gave each other the wink, and
smiled knowingly at the rest as they went
out. And when the door was closed,
Miss Tamer came to them with her gentle,
serious way, and laying a hand on theirs,
said, kindly—

"My dear young friends, do not think
I came here to scold you or treat you
like children. You are old enough to be
gentlemen, and your actions mark
whether you are or not. I came here to
try to teach all those that were willing to
learn, and you, who are a head taller than
I, know how futile would be any attempt
to punish you, had I a desire to do so,
which I have not; and I cannot think
you want to do wrong, when I thought,
the first day of school, what good friends
we would be before winter was gone.

You don't know what need I have of you—
what example you set before the
younger scholars, and how much you
help me make a good or bad school, and—"

"Miss Tamer, I will help you in the
future; I will be good, I will," and with
tears in his eyes, handsome John Howard
was conquered at last.

Honestly, too, John owned to his
teacher, whom he was beginning to love
so much, that he had never thought of it
in that light before. He did not mean
to be bad or wicked, he said; he did not
want to be ruled or ordered around by
anybody; he never had been.

"And I don't want to order or rule
you," she said, kindly; "I only want
you to do right, and your own sense, with
God's help, will teach you that, every
day of your life. By and by you will be
proud to hear people speak of your school
in high terms, feeling that you help make
it so, and that being one step upward,
you can steadily climb higher."

"I never had a father or mother to
help me, Miss Tamer, and uncle John is
always so busy; but if you will forgive me
all the trouble I have caused you this
winter, I will be a better man in the
future." The boy that had spoken
before, was gone now, and in his place
stood this man of seventeen years, with
the right of manhood stamped on his
broad brow, in his bright eyes and
outstretched hand, clasping closely the
small, white fingers of his teacher in a
bond of friendship and respect, that never
on earth would be broken. Edward felt
shy, too, and the good in his nature was
struggling with the evil. John seemed
above and beyond him now—a being he
was separated from. He looked at the
small, delicate woman before him, and
remembered the red pepper. He could
never forget how, before the school, she
begged his pardon for accusing him of so
ungentlemanly an action, when the
scholars all knew he had done it; and a
great lump in his throat choking him, as
he thought how he had troubled and an-
noyed her in a thousand different ways;
and now as she turned from John to him,
and looked with those great loving eyes,
now full of tears, into his face, his head
bent over the desk, and his chin quivered
with emotion.

He had not John's frank way to commend
him, but his heart was in the right place,
after all, and the good triumphed at last.

He was thoroughly humbled, and
when his teacher held out her hand to
him, he grasped it firmly, and in a low,
penitent voice, said:

"I am sorry for what I have done, but,
if you will forgive me, I will try hard to
be good."

"God bless you in trying, dear Ed-
ward; may you and John live to be men
that the world will be proud of."

A new feeling, a sense of nobility in
having a higher aim, pervaded their
whole being, as they quickly and quietly
covered up the fire, put up the windows,
which had been lowered during the day
for ventilation, emptied the water pails,
and waited for their teacher to accompany
them.

The scholars who had waited for the
result of this interview with the ring-leaders
of all this mischief, were astonished to
see the trio come out together, Edward
looking the door and John carrying Miss
Tamer's satchel, all of them smiling and
apparently happy; the two boys being
careful to go ahead and make a path
through the light snow for their teacher
to walk in.

The people said it was astonishing that
their school was so nice and orderly, and
all looked on with wonder that the chil-
dren loved their teacher so. The parents
began to see how it was accomplished,
and the committee came with great dig-
nity and complimented her on the good
discipline, and the scholars on the good
behavior, while every one showed how
great was their reward for being good.

And now the great man of the place, Dr.
John Reinett, John Howard's uncle,
whom Miss Tamer had never seen, though
she had often heard of him as the doctor,
the kind, efficient doctor, that every one,
both rich and poor, had a
good word for, began to think he must
find time to visit his nephew; and one
noon John came heralding in his uncle,
and in his own frank way presented him
to Miss Tamer.

For one moment the doctor looked at
her in glad surprise, while her cheek
grew very pale. He then said, forgetting
the eager faces around him.

"Anna, Anna Tamer, is it you, who
has been near me so long, and I have not
known it, my poor darling?"

And he took the little hand in his own
broad palm, and looked tenderly into the
upturned, wondering face.

"O, Henry, is it you at last?" she
asked, faintly.

"Yes, Anna, and we have much to say
to each other."

The scholars stoutly maintained that
the doctor himself kissed their teacher
then. At all events, the school was dis-
missed until next morning, and before all
the Mrs. Grundy's in town, Dr. Reinett
walked home with Miss Tamer in broad
daylight, leaving John filled with amaze-
ment, wondering what all the world was
coming to.

After this, there was a happier light
in Miss Tamer's eyes as she moved
around the school room, and little by
little, the wondering people discovered
that years ago, some four or five, before
Anna Tamer, was an orphan; she had
known and been betrothed to Henry
Reinett, who, to further pursue his study
of medicine went to London, and while
he was there, Anna's parents moved West
and died; and then the old story of lost
letters, but never a thought that the other
was not true. Some, people say it was
chance, but Anna says it was a kind over-
ruling Providence that brought them
together at last.

In the spring, when Nature was don-
ning her most beautiful robes, and bloss-
oms were putting forth on the trees and
shrubs, and the scholars vied with each
other in adorning with evergreens and
flowers the little white church under the
hill, where Anna Tamer early the next
morning would come to go out no more.

Over the altar was arranged in white
flowers and evergreens, the motto—"God
bless our beloved teacher." Before the
door, and half way down the walk, was
an evergreen arch, on the top of which,
arranged in white flowers, were the
words, "Our beloved Anna," while,
as they came out of the church, they
read, "Our happy doctor and his wife."

Anna's heart was full to overflowing.
She had been very sad and lonely since
four years ago, when her parents died, and
she had waited long for him she loved,
but she had waited patiently, and she
knew God would make all things right,
and her faith never faltered.

Now, as she looked into the manly face
of her lover, and saw his glances of ten-
derness, his countenance beaming with
happiness, looked around her and saw
the testimonials of her scholars' love,
she felt that she had received an exceed-
ing great reward.

Years have passed since that day when
Anna Tamer became Anna Reinett, and
in a city where her husband and herself
are known and honored, she sits in a
cozy room in one of these cheerful little
villas that we all admire so much, and
reads to her husband, who in dressing
gown and slippers, lounges in an easy
chair near her, and with his feet on the
fender, of the admiration and honor that
the Hon. John Howard receives from the
people of this state.

"Yes, Anna, I am proud of my name
sake, but you found his incentive for
him."

"I don't know, Henry; Edward Con-
ger, as well as John, was born with a
fortune in store for him; only Edward
chose to win his greatness in treading the
path of the meek and lowly Jesus."

Heard that he has become known for his
single heartedness in every-day life."

"They are different men from what
their boyhood promised," said the doctor.

"The seed of goodness was in their
hearts from the first. I shall always
think of that winter in Clinton as one of
the happiest in my life."

"Miss too, dear Anna, for had it not
been for you, Dr. Reinett's sign would
never have been seen out of Clinton, and
I should have missed the loving little
face that is my sunshine and blessing
always."

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT.—Frank-
lin Dyre, a highly respectable and intel-
ligent farmer, of Galena, Kent county,
Maryland, gives the following as a sure
cure for the bite of a mad dog. As will
be seen he has tested it, with the most
gratifying results.

Rheumpanse is a plant well known to
most persons, and is to be found in many
gardens. Immediately after being bitten
take one and a half ounces of the root of
the plant—the green root is preferable,
but the dried will answer, and will be
found in our drug stores, and was used
by me—slice or bruise, put into a pint
of fresh milk; boil down to half pint,
strain and when cold drink it, fasting at
least six hours after it. The next
morning repeat the dose fasting, using
two ounces of the root. On the third
morning take a third dose, prepared as
the last and this will be sufficient. It is
recommended that after each dose nothing
be eaten for at least six hours.

I have a son who was bitten by a mad
dog eighteen years ago, and four other
children in the neighborhood were also
bitten; they took the above dose; I have
known a number of others who were bit-
ten and applied the same remedy.

Bootmaker (who has had a deal of
trouble with his customer): "I think, sir,
that if you were to cut your corns, I
could more easily find you a pair."

Choleric Old Gentleman: "Cut my corns,
sir! I ask you to fit me a pair of boots
to my feet, sir! I'm not going to plume
my feet down to fit your boots!"

A teacher was illustrating the points
of the compass to two pupils. "Now,
what is before you?" "The North, sir,"
said John, who was an intelligent lad.

"Now, Sammy," said he to the other,
who had just donned a long coat, "what
is behind you?" "My coat tail, sir,"
said Tommy.

Back pay—Settling for a coat; or
getting a thrashing at school.

Samner's Divorce.

Gossip Concerning the Parties and the
Cause of Separation.
[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

It is announced that the Hon. Charles
Sumner has obtained a divorce from his
wife on account of five years willful ab-
sence from bed and board, which is a
ground for a divorce under the laws of
Massachusetts. We have a suspicion,
founded upon the gossip of Mrs. Grundy,
who in this instance, we are quite sure,
has not made a mistake, that Mrs. Charles
Sumner has really secured the severing of
the marital tie, rather than her dis-
tinguished husband, although it appears
in his name. Mrs. Charles Sumner was,
at the time of her marriage, a widow,
young and blooming, still in her twen-
ties, and, we believe, without any chil-
dren. Her first husband was the eldest
son of Mr. Hooper, a millionaire Con-
gressman from Massachusetts. It is be-
lieved in Washington that Mrs. Sumner
had a good legal ground for a divorce
against her husband, recognized as such
under the laws of all countries and
states, but that she was unwilling to
plead it, both from motives of delicacy to
her and to himself, and that, therefore, it
was mutually arranged that she should
absent herself for a period that would
give the Senator a legal right to cancel
the marital contract.

We know not how it may be, but it has
been said that a jealousy on the part of
the honorable Senator had considerable
to do with this unfortunate proceeding.
When the parties were married, one, we
presume, was in the neighborhood of
three score, and the other a score and a
quarter. There was, therefore, naturally
a disparity of years and tastes and habits.
This almost universally produces an un-
happy marriage. But in this instance it
was aggravated. Mr. Sumner was not
only a bachelor of long matured habits,
but he had formed other connections and
associations peculiar to himself even
aside from that fact. For instance, it was
said that he always had his carriage at
the door at any ball or party they mutu-
ally attended, at which he would say,
"Madam, it is now ten o'clock; it is
time to go home, and our conveyance is
below." She would reply, "I am happy
to hear it. You are sleepy and tired.
Go home and go to bed, but I am not
yet ready. I will follow you by and by.
So good night, my dear." Then, as we
have said, the Senator was said to be
morbidly jealous of a certain gentleman
connected with the Prussian Embassy,
whom he had himself introduced to his
wife, and extolled in the highest terms,
and which gentleman afterwards escorted
her to many evening amusements which
her husband's habits forbade him attend-
ing. One day this young attaché received
a very peremptory letter from Berlin
ordering him to return home immediately,
and recalling him from the Prussian le-
gation. He was thunderstruck by the
intelligence; not conscious of any offense
against his government. He, therefore,
wrote to an influential friend at home to
make inquiries of Count Bismarck as to
what was the real reason of this very ex-
traordinary proceeding. In reply he was
informed that the chairman of the Senate
Committee on Foreign Relations, who
was then Senator Charles Sumner, had
written a letter requesting his recall, and
that the Count did not consider that he
was authorized to refuse a request coming
from such an influential source in the
government to which he was accredited.

Of course the young Prussian gentleman
duly informed Mrs. Sumner of all this,
and rumor hath it that that lady was not
at all pleased with the conduct of her
husband in the matter. The German
Secretary returned home, and for a time
that cloud upon the marital relations of
the Senator disappeared.

But by and by, as it was announced to
the public, and we think, by an agreement
between the parties, Mrs. Sumner's
health required that she should leave the
American Continent, and breathe for a
time the air of Europe. This was ac-
cordingly done, and the atmosphere has
been so bracing and the scenery so pleas-
ant—to say nothing of the companion-
ship—that she has lingered there so long
as to enable Mr. Sumner to obtain the
divorce for willful absence, required by
the statute. Mr. Sumner will resume his
old bachelor relations, and his late wife—
a young handsome and wealthy widow—
will be a prize to be contended for by
gentlemen of position who are in the mar-
rimonial market.

Boston school girls play foot-ball, and
and find it better for striped stockings
than even croquet.

"Among all my boys," said an old
man, "I never had but one who took
after me, and that was my son Aaron,
who took after me with a club."

Rhode Island was devastated on Friday
last by the explosion of a soda fountain
at Newport. The neighboring state es-
caped with but slight injury.

A Tennessee man wrote his will on a
paper collar, and it passed through prob-
ate as well as any other will, though a
little unhandy about filing.

A western paper intimates briefly thus:
Mrs. John Bagg of Omaha has left Mr.
John Bagg, taking the money bags, and
leaving John to hold the little empty
bags.

A boy who rushed breathlessly into
the house told his mother that he just
saw a horse running swiftly by, and a dog
sitting on his tail, was chided for reck-
lessness of speech, but his mother changed
her mind when it was explained that the
dog was sitting on his own tail.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square (10 lines) or less, one insertion, .50
Each additional insertion, .25
Administrators' Notice, 3 00
Final Settlement Notice, 3 00
Stray Notices (single stray), 3 00
Each additional story in same notice, 1 00
A Liberal Deduction will be made to
yearly advertisers.

A Romance in Real Life.

In Garrard county, Kentucky, in the
year 1844, were married Miss Kate Til-
lett and Wm. Warren. With them after
their marriage lived Miss Laura B. Til-
lett, a half sister of Mrs. Warren.

For five years the married relations of
Mr. and Mrs. Warren were of the ordi-
nary character, one child, a daughter,
blessing the union.

In the year 1849 matters changed. This
California fever, raged in Kentucky as
fiercely as elsewhere, and Mr. Warren
bade farewell to his family, and set out
upon his journey to the gold mines.

From this date a singular history.

For seven long years his wife waited
patiently but hardly hopefully for his
return; for a rumor had reached her
that in a combat with the Indians in
California, he had been killed.

By the laws of Kentucky at that time,
five years absence without communica-
tion with the husband or wife restored
the one remaining at home to all his or
her rights as an unmarried person.

In the meantime Mr. Geo. C. Bryant
had met, courted and married Miss Lau-
ra B. Tillett, who, after bearing him two
children, was taken away from him by
the hand of death. Having been raised
mainly by her sister, Mrs. Warren, it
was her especial request that upon her
death the latter should have the especial
care of her children.

In due time after the death of Mrs.
Bryant, and seven years after the depart-
ure of Mr. Warren from Kentucky, Mr.
Geo. C. Bryant and Mrs. Kate Warren,
formerly Miss Tillett, were united in
marriage. Very soon thereafter they
came to Independence, Mo., where they
have ever since resided, and where Mrs.
Mary Warren, the daughter of Mrs. Bry-
ant by her first husband, grew into wo-
manhood, and married Mr. W. C. Chris-
topher, now of Pleasant Hill.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, who have
been married now about seventeen years,
have been born two children. Now
comes the strangest part of our story.

Some time since it was rumored that
Mr. Warren, who had not been heard of
for twenty-four years, was not dead, but
living in Trinidad, California. He had
written to a friend in Kentucky, inquir-
ing about his wife and children; he learn-
ed something